

JEREMY SNOW.
BY EVELYN W. MERRIAM.
You want a story? Why, land sakes, boys,
There isn't but one that I know,
And that yeh had likely heard afore,
For it happened long ago,
When this town wa'n't so big as it is now;
An' whatever happened teh one
Was knowed all over the neighborhood
'Twixt the rise an' set o' the sun.
Kin it be yeh hain't heard it tole afore—
That about old Jeremy Snow,
'Bout ez good a chap, countin' ev'rythin',
Ez yeh'll find down here below?
In course, old Jeremy, had his faults,
But yeh kin show 'em 'em
A man as hain't, then, I'll show you
A cow up an apple tree.
He wa'n't as purty ez men I've seen,
An' he didn't go in for a show.
An' his ways was what yeh might call
Rough.
An' his words came dreffully slow,
He'd the longest neck an' the biggest
mouth.
That ever was seen, I think,
An' one o' his eyelids wouldn't move
When 'tother one tried teh wink.
Jist where he come from nobody knowed,
An' nobody wanted teh know;
But there wa'n't a little child in town
Who didn't know Jeremy Snow.
An' his old, black soulderin' pot, fer he
lived
Fertwenty-two years or more
By makin' his neighbors' tinware whole,
An' ez good ez it was afore.
He hain't no kinsfolks in the world,
But I've heard that, long ago
He had a few. They died, I guess,
Though he never telled me so.
How's that? You want the story, you say?
Why, boys, it is purty nigh done!
'Wint much o' a story, I'll allow,
But then, it's my only one.
Wa'l, Billy O'Dell—a man in our town—
He'd allus ben pickin' at Snow;
He'd fear at his ugly phiz, an' his speech,
An' 'cause his ways wuz so slow,
An' the fun he made o' the poor ol' chap
Wuz a caution, an' that's a fact!
But Jeremy patiently stood it all;
He wuz never the one to talk back.
Wa'l, it happened one time Mr. Billy
O'Dell
Got down with the smallpox so
That every one give him a purty wide
berth—
'That is, 'censin' Jeremy Snow.
He worked over Billy until he got up
'Most ez well ez a woman could,
Though, ez Billy wa'n't no relation o' his
There wa'n't no reason why he should.
'Tain't much o' a yarn—I telled yeh so—
An' it's time, now, fer me teh go;
But I reckon Billy felt mighty mean
'Bout the way he'd treated poor Snow—
An' I know he wa'n't the only man
In our town that wa'n't up an' cried
When poor, homely, patient Jeremy
Snow—
'Got the smallpox so teh he died.
—American Agriculturist.

THE DOCTOR'S RUSE.

FEW years before the date of our story Walter Campbell had married Maggie Irwin, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked farmer's daughter. He was a young lawyer, who had been hardly a year at the bar, but who bid fair to make a decided mark in his profession. He went back to his native village to marry pretty little Maggie, who had been his playmate at the village school. Two children had blessed their union; little Harry, now five years old, and Minnie, two years younger. They lived in good style and went into society a great deal, when Maggie's health permitted. But for several years Maggie had been drooping; almost ever since they had removed to the brown-stone front which was now their home. Walter had consulted the most celebrated physicians, far and near, but she gradually grew paler and weaker and now she hardly left the room.
"Hello, Campbell! is this you?" and a man some thirty-five or forty years old grasped heartily the hand of Walter Campbell as he was walking thoughtfully down toward the office. "Don't know me, eh? But I'm Harvey Lincoln, nevertheless."
"Harvey Lincoln!" There was surprised delight in the face and voice of Walter Campbell, and the clasp of his hand did not lack fervency now. "Come with me to my office," he continued, linking his arm in that of Mr. Lincoln.
For more than an hour Walter Campbell listened delightedly to his friend's account of foreign lands. "You haven't told me a word about yourself, Campbell," said Mr. Lincoln at length. "I left you ten years ago a youthful aspirant for the honors of the bar. How have you prospered? Are you married?"
"Yes," returned Walter, answering his last question first. "But you must go home with me; you used to know my wife—Maggie Irwin."
"What! Little Maggie Irwin? Yes, indeed. Is she as light-hearted and as red-cheeked as ever?"
"No," replied Walter, a shadow crossing his face. "She is an invalid now, and, as you are a physician, I want you to prescribe for her."
"You should send your children into the country," he said to Mrs. Campbell one day. "They are pining for fresh air and exercise."
"I know it," she returned, wearily, "but what can I do? I have not the strength to go with them myself. Walter cannot leave his business and I do not care to trust them with the nurse."
Then, with some hesitation, the doctor proposed that the children should be sent to stay at the home of an old friend of his, a Mrs. Gray, who resided a few miles outside the city. Mrs. Campbell at first refused, but was finally induced to say:
"You are very kind, but I must speak with Walter before I decide."
The doctor saw Mr. Campbell that afternoon, and in the evening it was decided that Harry and Minnie should go to Mrs. Gray's for a month.
Monday evening came, and the party drove off in high spirits. The children were delighted, and Mrs. Campbell, watching their departure from the window, wished she was going, too.
They reached Mrs. Gray's in due time, and were welcomed cordially. Mr. Campbell was delighted with the place, and carried back a very favorable report to Maggie.
"I wished I had strength to ride out there," said Mrs. Campbell, one day, after listening to the vivid description her husband gave of the beauties of the place.
Saturday afternoon the doctor stepped into Mr. Campbell's office, with a slight shade of anxiety upon his face.
"I have just received a note from Mrs. Gray," he said; "and she says the children are not very well; we had better ride over and see them, but there is no necessity of alarming Mrs. Campbell."
Mrs. Gray met them at the door, and a look of intelligence passed between her and the doctor.
Mr. Campbell and Dr. Lincoln stepped into the room, where the children were lying upon a lounge. They jumped up with shouts of joy at the sight of their father and the doctor.
After a few moments' examination of the little, flushed faces and feverish pulses, the doctor turned to Mr. Campbell, saying:
"Walter, my boy, they've got the measles!"
"Got the measles?" echoed Mr. Campbell, aghast; "what's to be done?"
"I tell you," returned the doctor, after a few moments' thought, "Mrs. Campbell would never forgive us if we did not tell her. I will go back to the city; tell Mrs. C—, get a nurse and come back in the morning. How will that do?"
"I don't see any other way," returned Mr. Campbell.
"All right," said Dr. Lincoln; "I'm off now. I will be back again in the morning."
"My children sick! Got the measles!" almost shrieked Mrs. Campbell. "Oh, why did I let them go to that horrid place! I've half a mind, weak as I am, to get up and go to them. Oh, dear! dear!"
"Calm yourself, madam," said Dr. Lincoln; "I don't apprehend any danger, and Mr. Campbell and myself will see they have good care."
The next morning he went back to Mrs. Gray's. She met him at the door with an anxious face.
"Mr. Campbell is quite sick!" she said; "he was taken ill about an hour after you left last night, and has been unable to sit up since."
After a hurried examination he muttered something about overwork, and immediately administered a sleeping potion.
After looking at the children he said to Mrs. Gray, "Campbell's illness is not dangerous, but he must be kept quiet for a few days; I must go back to the city and tell Mrs. Campbell why her husband does not come home, but I will return again to-night."
"Walter sick! Merciful heavens! are they all going to die away out there in that bog hole!" And Mrs. Campbell wrung her hands hysterically.
Dr. Lincoln remained with her until she was quietly sleeping under the influence of an opiate. He then went back to Mrs. Gray's. He watched with the invalids through the night; but just as the sun was peeping over the hills a close carriage drove up to the door and Mrs. Campbell and her maid got out and came up the steps.
Dr. Lincoln met them at the door, surprise and pleasure blended in his face.
"I tried my best not to have her come," he whined the maid.
"Did you suppose I would stay at home when my husband and children were dying here?" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell, a sparkle in her eye and a flush on her cheek proclaiming the vital forces were quickening in her system.
"I am happy to say they are not dying," said the doctor, "but your presence here will be very welcome."
In two weeks they all returned to their city home, and Maggie declared she never felt so well and happy in her life.
"Then perhaps you will not be angry with me when I tell you I planned it all," said the doctor.
"What do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Campbell in a breath.
"I will tell you and trust to your generosity to forgive me. I knew all Mrs. Campbell needed was something to arouse her, so I got your consent to take the children to Mrs. Gray's. I exposed them to the measles the day we took them there, and Walter's sickness was caused by something I gave him in a glass of wine the day the children were taken sick. I know, Maggie, that anxiety for your loved ones would bring you up if anything would."
"Oh, you naughty man!" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell, laughing and blushing. "I will pay you by never being sick again, see if I don't."
"We owe you a debt of gratitude that we can never repay," said Mr. Campbell, grasping the doctor's hand warmly, "and I don't think Maggie will ever have a relapse."
Military Terms.
"You see," said the man who was supposed to be posted, "when an officer goes forward and finds that he can't do anything and that he'll surely be whipped if he tries, he calls that a reconnaissance; when he thinks he can do something and tries and gets whipped, that is a demonstration—he demonstrates that he couldn't; when he splits his forces into two parts and attacks with both, and one wins while the other is repulsed, the attack that fails is known as a feint. And yet, the public may conclude that he has simply been whipped."—Puck.

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BLEW OFF AND SETTLED THERE.
How a Topsy Passenger Happened to Lo-
cate in a Good Farming Region.
"The wind blew a passenger off my
train when I was railroading in the
Western country," said a conductor
now on an Illinois run.
"But I didn't know it until three
years after the occurrence," he con-
tinued. "He was ticketed for South-
ern California, and several times dur-
ing the day he asked me questions.
Soon after his last question I missed
him from his seat. Later in the day
he was still missing, but his overcoat
was on the back of the seat.
"I asked other passengers if they
had seen him leave the car. No one
remembered it. I searched the train,
but failed to find him. I then took
his coat, and turned it in, making a
report on the case. The company held
it for some time, and when no inquiry
was made the company advertised the
coat in the hope that the mystery might
be solved. There was no response.
This only spurred the company to re-
new its search, and I know that sev-
eral hundred dollars were spent in an
effort to find the owner of the coat.
You see, railroad companies have souls,
in spite of an opinion held by some to
the contrary.
"And now here is one for the country
editor. Such a one heard of the in-
cident and printed it in his paper.
Curiously enough, one of his subscrib-
ers, who read the story, was the man
who lost the coat, and he presented
himself at the company's office, proved
his property, and got it.
"His story was that he imbibed
pretty freely, and stepped out on the
platform to get fresh air. The wind
was blowing a gale, and before he
could get a purchase it swept him from
the car. As he was drunk the fall did
not hurt him. I do not say this, how-
ever, as favoring too free indulgence in
liquor.
"When he sobered up he felt
ashamed, and stopped in a farmhouse
nearby, where he found a bargain in
farm land, and purchased. He can-
celed his far Western trip and settled
on his newly acquired purchase. This
was his story. I have told mine."—
Chicago Tribune.

WORDS OF WISDOM.
Want of care does us more damage
than want of knowledge.
Private charity must be discrimi-
nating in order to be useful.
Would you live with ease, do what
you ought, and not what you please.
If a man has a little ability, people
abuse him because he does not "do"
more.
The dwarf sees farther than the
giant when he has the giant's shoulder
to mount on.
It is only clear that many fortunes
are in excess of any rational reward of
individual service.
How few there are who have courage
enough to own their faults, or resolu-
tion enough to mend them!
The worst romance is not to cor-
rupt as false history, false phil-
osophy or false political essays.
As a rule there is more, happiness,
more genuine satisfaction and a truer
life, and more obtained from life, in
the humble cottages of the poor than
in the palaces of the rich.
Never try to make too good a bar-
gain either for yourself or your em-
ployer. Be always fair, avoiding any-
thing like sharp practice. It is a poor
bargain when both parties to it are
not benefited and therefore happy at
having made it.

Charcoal in Paper Bags.
The good housewife who, forty or
fifty years ago, looked out in the
street now and then so as to be sure
and not miss the charcoal man when
he came along, and who bought char-
coal by the bushel or the barrel, to be
carried in from the wagon and em-
ptied in the cellar, would have been
surprised to see, as she might now-
days, charcoal sold in paper bags. The
charcoal thus sold is a residue of the
manufacture of wood alcohol, pro-
duced by the charring of hardwoods,
beech and maple, in kilns. It comes
from northern Pennsylvania and
southern New York. It is shipped
in bulk, in earloads, from the region
of production to the places of distri-
bution and there put into bags for
sale.
This modern way of selling charcoal
was introduced into Buffalo about
eight years ago. Buffalo now buys
10,000 to 15,000 bags daily. Charcoal
in paper bags has since been intro-
duced in various other cities as far
east as Boston. It has been sold in
New York for about two years.
The paper bags are stout sacks of
the same general proportions as an
eighth-barrel flour sack, but a little
larger and holding half a bushel of
charcoal. The filled bags are tied
around the neck. Charcoal in paper
bags is sold in stores, like any other
commodity.—New York Sun.

This Beats Preferred Position.
The La Harpe (Kan.) Argus has a
genius in its outfit who has evolved a
truly novel device to whet the reader's
curiosity, and thereby contribute to
the effectiveness of an advertisement.
Over a four-inch double-column ad. a
slip of news paper of the same size was
pasted by the edge, so that it easily
"flapped," upon which was printed in
large letters, "Don't lift this up." The
inventor of course calculated from his
knowledge of human nature that not
one person in a thousand would obey
the injunction. Without doubt the
advertisement to which attention was
directed in this way was more thor-
oughly and more generally read than
all the others in the paper; still, if
the Argus secured adequate pay for
its extra labor and expense, it did
well. There is no danger, if the Ar-
gus genius patents his device, of in-
fringement by papers of large circula-
tion.

RELIABLE DAIRYMEN.

DIRECTORY OF LEGITIMATE DEALERS.

The following dairymen are known to the Editor of the CITIZEN as reliable producers, who own their
herds of cattle and deliver their own product. There are no milk Hucksters in this list.

BENNING FARM DAIRY, GRAND VIEW DAIRY,

J. P. REILLY, Proprietor.
Benning, D. C.
Established 1892. Pure milk right from the
farm served in sealed jars twice a day.
Customers are invited to inspect my dairy
at their pleasure.

HILLOCK DAIRY,

JOHN BERGLING, Proprietor.
Mt. Olivet Road, D. C.
Established 1894. Pure milk served to my
customers fresh from the dairy every
morning.

Chevy Chase Farm Dairy,

GEORGE A. WISE, Proprietor.
Chevy Chase, Maryland.
Established 1881. I try to serve the very
best quality of milk it is possible for a man
to produce. My herd and dairy farm are
open to inspection at all times.

AGER'S FARM DAIRY,

J. B. AGER, Proprietor.
Hyattsville, Maryland.
Established 1870. I have a herd of thirty-
five cattle—mostly Jersey's—and deliver
whole milk fresh from the farm every
morning.

GUDE'S DAIRY,

ALEX. GUDE, Proprietor.
Hyattsville, Maryland.
Established 1884. Pure milk delivered
fresh from the farm every morning.
My dairy and herd will always bear
inspection.

OAK GROVE DAIRY,

D. MCCARTHY, Proprietor.
Bladensburg Road, D. C.
Established 1895. Fresh milk delivered
direct from my dairy farm every morning.
Two deliveries a day contemplated
soon.

St. John's Park Dairy,

Mary Harriet Hatcher, Prop.
Brookland, D. C.
Established 1896. Pure milk delivered
every morning. We invite an inspection of
our place at all times.
My milk for children a specialty.

CHEVY CHASE DAIRY,

H. G. CARROLL, Proprietor.
Chevy Chase, Maryland.
Established 1897. Fresh milk direct from
the farm served to customers every morning.
An examination of my premises invited at
all times.

BURLEIGH DAIRY,

JOHN HERRIGAN, Proprietor.
3601 O Street N. W.
Established in 1895. Dairy farm on New
Cut Road or T street extended. Pure milk
from my own cattle. Two deliveries daily.
Prompt service.

CEDAR GLEN DAIRY,

P. H. HORN, Proprietor.
Benning, D. C.
Established 1890. Milk delivered twice
a day in Washington.
Special attention paid to milk for
babies.

JOHN S. ORRISON, Proprietor.

Takoma Park, D. C.
Established 1895. The quality of milk I
serve is gaining me new customers every
day. My place will always bear in-
spection.

RUPPERT FARM DAIRY,

J. O'KEEFE, Proprietor.
Brightwood Avenue, D. C.
Established 1890. I own my own herd of
cattle and make two deliveries a day.
My dairy plant and milk will always
bear inspection.

BRIGHTWOOD DAIRY,

MRS. C. ROBINSON, Proprietor.
Brightwood, D. C.
Established 1886. We deliver morning's
milk only every morning.
My night's milk is all sold to
dealers.

GRANBY FARM DAIRY,

BARRETT BROS., Proprietors.
Bunker Hill Road, Maryland.
(P. O. Brookland, D. C.)
Pure milk and cream, delivered to any
part of the city. Prompt delivery.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

Sligo Mill Road Dairy,

ISAIAH KREGLO, Proprietor.
Woodburn, D. C.
(P. O. Address, Mt. Pleasant, D. C.)
Established 1896. I serve pure milk right
straight from the farm every morning. An
inspection of my methods and dairy solicited.

JERSEY DAIRY,

D. ALLMAN, Jr., Proprietor.
2111 Benning Road.
Established in 1893. The present proprietor
was born and brought up in the business.
Has a herd of 27 Jersey cattle. Two de-
liveries a day throughout the city.

Crystal Spring Dairy,

HUGH McMAHON, Proprietor.
Brightwood, D. C.
Established 1888. I have Jersey cows only
and serve the very best milk I can produce.
If you want to see a fine herd of cattle,
come and see mine.

HOYLE'S FARM DAIRY,

MRS. A. J. HOYLE, Proprietor.
Congress Heights, D. C.
Established 1894. We serve first-class milk
all bottled on the farm. Dairy always open
to inspection.

Buena Vista Dairy,

O. A. LANDON, Proprietor.
Suitland Road, near Suitland, Md.
Established in 1880. I am on the farm
with fifty head of cattle and deliver only
pure milk that will always bear in-
spection.

SUITLAND DAIRY,

E. L. HILL, Proprietor.
Suitland, Maryland.
Established 1898. Pure milk straight from
the farm delivered every morning.
Milk for Babies and Children a specialty.

CHILLUM FARM DAIRY,

WM. McKAY, Proprietor.
Woodburn, (Terra Cotta), D. C.
Established 1890. I serve pure milk right
from the farm every morning.
I think the best is none too good for
my customers.

Douglas Place Farm Dairy

EDW. MARKHAM, Proprietor.
Douglas Place, Benning Road, D. C.
Established 1895. I spare neither pains
nor expense in trying to produce milk that
is a No. 1 in quality. Plant always open to
inspection.

TERRELL'S DAIRY.

E. TERRELL, Proprietor.
Arlington, Virginia.
Established 1891. I serve milk straight
from the farm every morning. My milk will
stand the test every time.

Glen Ellen Farm Dairy,

GEORGE T. KNOTT, Proprietor.
Conduit Road, D. C.
Established 1898. Milk from my dairy is
guaranteed to be both clean and pure.
I always solicit the closest inspection.

GREEN HILL DAIRY,

W. B. WILLIAMS, Proprietor.
Riggs Farm, Maryland.
(P. O. Address, Chillum, Md.)
Established 1898. I serve pure milk straight
from the old established Riggs Farm every
morning. Come out and inspect the place
at any time.

PAYNE'S FARM DAIRY,

M. J. PAYNE, Proprietor.
Bladensburg, Maryland.
Established 1896. It is my aim to serve
my customers with the very best quality
of milk. I invite an inspection at any
time.

PALISADES DAIRY,

W. L. MALONE, Proprietor.
Conduit Road, D. C.
Established 1892. Pure milk and cream
served in any part of the city every mor-
ning. All orders by mail promptly
attended to.

Why We Forget Names.

Many persons are especially forget-
ful with regard to names—as of ac-
quaintances or some familiar object.
Dr. Bastian, in discussing effects re-
cently, quoted with approval this ex-
planation: "The more concrete the
idea the more readily is the word used
to designate it forgotten when the
memory fails. We easily represent
persons and things to ourselves with-
out their names. More abstract con-
ceptions, on the contrary, are attained
only with the aid of words, which alone
give them their exact shape in our
minds." Hence verbs, adjectives, pro-
nouns, adverbs, prepositions and con-
junctions are more intimately related
to thought than nouns are, and can be
remembered when nouns, or names,
slip from the mind.

WORKING MEN

cannot afford to lose any time.
Sick or well, they have to go to
work early in the morning and
often get home late. The loss of
a single day means a thinner en-
velope on pay day and perhaps
extra family privation. The con-
finement and bad ventilation of
the workroom, together with
the cold dinners many of them
are obliged to eat, have a bad ef-
fect on the physical system and
lead on to ill health.

Ripans Tabules are just what
working men need. They keep
the stomach in good condition
and help digest the food; they
keep the bowels open, and the
liver active. No man is too poor
to use them, for ten of the Tabules (enough to last several
days) cost only five cents at any drug store.



WANTED—A case of bad health that RIPPAN'S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life.
One gives relief. Note the word RIPPAN'S on the package and accept no substitute.
RIPPAN'S, 10 for 5 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand res-
pondents will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce
St., New York.